

Where hauing nothing, nothing can he lose.

And as for you your selfe (our quondam Queene)

You haue a Father able to maintaine you,

And better 'twere, you troubled him, then France.

*Mar.* Peace impudent, and shamelesse Warwick,

Proud setter vp, and puller downe of Kings,

I will not hence, till with my Talke and Teares

(Both full of Truth) I make King Lewis behold

Thy slye conueyance, and thy Lords false loue,

*Post blowing a borne w'thin.*

For both of you are Birds of selfe-same Feather.

*Lewis.* Warwick, this is some poste to vs, or thee.

*Enter the Poste.*

*Post.* My Lord Ambassador,

These Letters are for you.

Sent from your Brother Marquesse Montague.

These from our King, vnto your Maiesty.

And Madam, these for you:

From whom, I know not.

*They all reade their Letters.*

*Oxf.* I like it well, that our faire Queene and Mistris

Smiles at her newes, while Warwick frownes at his.

*Prince Ed.* Nay marke how Lewis stampes as he were

netled. I hope, all's for the best.

*Lew.* Warwick, what are thy Newes?

And yours, faire Queene.

*Mar.* Mine such, as fill my heart with vnhop'd ioyes.

*War.* Mine full of sorrow, and hearts discontent.

*Lew.* What? has your King married the Lady Grey?

And now to sooth your Forgery, and his,

Sends me a Paper to perswade me Patience?

Is this th' Alliance that he seekes with France?

Dare he presume to scorne vs in this manner?

*Mar.* I told your Maiesty as much before:

This proueth Edwards Loue, and Warwicks honesty.

*War.* King Lewis, I heere protest in sight of heauen,

And by the hope I haue of heauenly blisse,

That I am cleere from this misdeed of Edwards;

No more my King, for he dishonors me,

But most himselfe, if he could see his shame.

Did I forget, that by the House of Yorke

My Father came vntimely to his death?

Did I let passe th' abuse done to my Neece?

Did I impale him with the Regall Crowne?

Did I put Henry from his Native Right?

And am I guerdon'd at the last, with Shame?

Shame on himselfe, for my Desert is Honor.

And to repaire my Honor lost for him,

I heere renounce him, and returne to Henry.

My Noble Queene, let former grudges passe,

And henceforth, I am thy true Seruitour:

I will reuenge his wrong to Lady Bona,

And replant Henry in his former state.

*Mar.* Warwick,

These words haue turn'd my Hate, to Loue,

And I forgive, and quite forget old faults,

And ioy that thou becom'st King Henries Friend.

*War.* So much his Friend, I his vnfaired Friend,

That if King Lewis vouchsafe to furnish vs

With some few Bands of chosen Soldiours,

He vndertake to Land them on our Coast,

And force the Tyrant from his seat by Warre.

'Tis not his new-made Bride shall succour him,

And as for Clarence, as my Letters tell me,

Hee's very likely now to fall from him,

For matching more for wanton Lust, then Honor,

Or then for strength and safety of our Country.

*Bona.* Deere Brother, how shall Bona be reueng'd,

But by thy helpe to this distressed Queene?

*Mar.* Renowned Prince, how shall Poore Henry liue,

Vnlesse thou rescue him from foule dispaire?

*Bona.* My quarrel, and this English Queens, are one.

*War.* And mine faire Lady Bona, ioynes with yours.

*Lew.* And mine, with hers, and thine, and Margarets.

Therefore, at last, I firmly am resolu'd

You shall haue ayde.

*Mar.* Let me giue humble thanks for all, at once,

*Lew.* Then Englands Messenger, returne in Poste,

And tell false Edward, thy supposed King,

That Lewis of France, is sending ouer Maskers

To recuell it with him, and his new Bride.

Thou seest what's past, go feare thy King withall.

*Bona.* Tell him, in hope hee'l proue a widower shortly,

I weare the Willow Garland for his sake.

*Mar.* Tell him, my mourning weeds are layde aside,

And I am ready to put Armour on.

*War.* Tell him from me, that he hath done me wrong,

And therefore Ile vn-crowne him, er't be long.

There's thy reward, be gone.

*Lew.* But Warwick,

Thou and Oxford, with fise thousand men

Shall crosse the Seas, and bid false Edward battaile:

And as occasion serues, this Noble Queen

And Prince, shall follow with a fresh Supply.

Yet ere thou go, but answer me one doubt:

What Pledge haue we of thy firme Loyalty?

*War.* This shall assure my constant Loyalty,

That if our Queene, and this young Prince agree,

Ile ioyne mine eldest daughter, and my Ioy,

To him forthwith, in holy Wedlocke bands.

*Mar.* Yes, I agree, and thanke you for your Motion.

Sonne Edward, she is Faire and Vertuous,

Therefore delay not, giue thy hand to Warwick,

And with thy hand, thy faith irreuocable,

That onely Warwicks daughter shall be thine.

*Prin. Ed.* Yes, I accept her, for she well deserues it,

And heere to pledge my Vow, I giue my hand.

*He giues his hand to War.*

*Lew.* Why stay we now? These soldiers shalbe leuied,

And thou Lord Bourbon, our High Admirall

Shall waite them ouer with our Royall Fleet.

I long till Edward fall by Warres mischance,

For mocking Marriage with a Dame of France.

*Exeunt. Alaric Warwick.*

*War.* I came from Edward as Ambassador,

But I returne his (sworne and mortall) Foe:

Matter of Marriage was the charge he gaue me,

But dreadfull Warre shall answer his demand.

Had he none else to make a stale but me?

Then none but I, shall turne his Iest to Sorrow.

I was the Cheefe that rais'd him to the Crowne,

And Ile be Cheefe to bring him downe againe:

Not that I pittie Henries misery,

But seeke Reuenge on Edwards mockery.

*Enter Richard, Clarence, Somerset, and*

*Montague.*

*Rich.* Now tell me Brother Clarence, what thinke you

Of this new Marriage with the Lady Grey?

Hath not our Brother made a worthy choice?

*Cl.* Alas, you know, tis farre from hence to France,

How

How could he stay till Warwick made returne?

*Som.* My Lords, forbear this talke: heere comes the

King.

*Flourish.*

*Enter King Edward, Lady Grey, Penbrooke, Staf-*

*ford, Hastings: foure stand on one side,*

*and foure on the other.*

*Rich.* And his well-chosen Bride.

*Clarence.* I minde to tell him plainly what I thinke.

*King.* Now Brother of Clarence,

How like you our Choyce,

That you stand penfue, as halfe malecontent?

*Clarence.* As well as Lewis of France,

Or the Earle of Warwicke,

Which are so weake of courage, and in iudgement,

That they le take no offence at our abuse.

*King.* Suppose they take offence without a cause:

They are but Lewis and Warwick, I am Edward,

Your King and Warwicks, and must haue my will.

*Rich.* And shall haue your will, because our King:

Yet hastie Marriage seldome proueth well.

*King.* Yea, Brother Richard, are you offended too?

*Rich.* Not I: no:

God forbid, that I should wish them seuer'd,

Whom God hath ioyn'd together:

I and 'twere pittie, to funder them,

That yoake so well together.

*King.* Setting your skornes, and your mislike aside,

Tell me some reason, why the Lady Grey

Should not become my Wife, and Englands Queene?

And you too, Somerset, and Mountague,

Speake freely what you thinke.

*Clarence.* Then this is mine opinion:

That King Lewis becomes your Enemy,

For mocking him about the Marriage

Of the Lady Bona.

*Rich.* And Warwick, doing what you gaue in charge,

Is now dis-honored by this new Marriage.

*King.* What, if both Lewis and Warwick be appeas'd,

By such inuention as I can deuise?

*Mount.* Yet, to haue ioyn'd with France in such alliance,

Would more haue strength'n'd this our Commonwealth

'Gainst forraine stormes, then any home-bred Marriage.

*Hast.* Why, knowes not Mountague, that of it selfe,

England is safe, if true within it selfe?

*Mount.* But the safer, when 'tis back'd with France.

*Hast.* 'Tis better vsing France, then trusting France:

Let vs be back'd with God, and with the Seas,

Which he hath giu'n for fence impregnable,

And with their helpe, onely defend our selues:

In them, and in our selues, our safetie lyes.

*Cl.* For this one speech, Lord Hastings well deserues

To haue the Heire of the Lord Hungerford.

*King.* I, what of that? it was my will, and graunt,

And for this once, my Will shall stand for Law.

*Rich.* And yet me thinks, your Grace hath not done well,

To giue the Heire and Daughter of Lord Scales

Vnto the Brother of your louing Bride;

Shee better would haue fited me, or Clarence:

But in your Bride you burie Brotherhood.

*Cl.* Or else you would not haue bestow'd the Heire

Of the Lord Bonnil on your new Wiues Sonne,

And leaue your Brothers to goe speede elsewhere.

*King.* Alas, poore Clarence: is it for a Wife

That thou art malecontent? I will provide thee.

*Clarence.* In chusing for your selfe,

You shew'd your iudgement:

Which being shallow, you shall giue me leaue

To play the Broker in mine owne behalfe;

And to that end, I shortly minde to leaue you.

*King.* Leave me, or tarry, Edward will be King,

And not be ty'd vnto his Brothers will.

*Lady Grey.* My Lords, before it pleas'd his Maiesty

To rayse my State to Title of a Queene,

Doe me but right, and you must all confesse,

That I was not ignoble of Descent,

And meaner then my selfe haue had like fortune.

But as this Title honors me and mine,

So your dislikes, to whom I would be pleasing,

Doth cloud my ioyes with danger, and with sorrow.

*King.* My Loue, forbear to fawne vpon their frownes:

What danger, or what sorrow can befall thee,

So long as Edward is thy constant friend,

And their true Soueraigne, whom they must obey?

Nay, whom they shall obey, and loue thee too,

Vnlesse they seeke for hatred at my hands:

Which if they doe, yet will I keepe thee safe,

And they shall feelee the vengeance of my wrath.

*Rich.* I heare, yet say not much, but thinke the more.

*Enter a Poste.*

*King.* Now Messenger, what Letters, or what Newes

from France?

*Post.* My Soueraigne Liege, no Letters, & few words,

But such, as I (without your speciall pardon)

Dare not relate.

*King.* Goe too, wee pardon thee:

Therefore, in briefe, tell me their words,

As neere as thou canst guesse them.

What answer makes King Lewis vnto our Letters?

*Post.* At my depart, these were his very words:

Goe tell false Edward, the supposed King,

That Lewis of France is sending ouer Maskers,

To reuell it with him, and his new Bride.

*King.* Is Lewis so braue? belike he thinks me Henry.

But what said Lady Bona to my Marriage?

*Post.* These were her words, vt'tred with mild disdain:

Tell him, in hope hee'll proue a Widower shortly,

Ile weare the Willow Garland for his sake.

*King.* I blame not her; she could say little lesse:

She had the wrong. But what said Henries Queene?

For I haue heard, that she was there in place.

*Post.* Tell him (quoth she)

My mourning Weedes are done,

And I am readie to put Armour on.

*King.* Belike she minde to play the Amazon.

But what said Warwick to these iniuries?

*Post.* He, more incens'd against your Maiesty,

Then all the rest, discharg'd me with these words:

Tell him from me, that he hath done me wrong,

And therefore Ile vncrowne him, er't be long.